

HIGHLAND RECORDER

TERMS, \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Issued every Friday morning by
H. B. WOOD,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Monterey, Va., Friday, July 29, 1910

If the statistics recently compiled by the government are to be relied upon, "living next to nature" wards off disease and death. The farmer, it would seem, not only has a better opportunity of making a life and a living, but can prolong the one and enjoy the other a little beyond the rest of humanity.

The principal factor in favor of the farmer is his greater freedom from tuberculosis, due of course to his outdoor life. There is also a marked disparity in the case of Bright's disease, pneumonia and heart disease, all favoring the farmer.

Yet the country is not wholly exempt from the ills to which human flesh is heir. Owing to unsanitary conditions on many of the farms, typhoid fever claims more victims among the farmers than among the city folk. Cancer, too, is a little more common in the country.

It is somewhat more difficult to explain why farmers seem to be more prone to suicide than other people; yet statistics say they are. Possibly the monotony of the life, and overwork are responsible for the mental breakdown that must precede self-inflicted death.

On the whole, however, life on the farm is a little safer than life in the city. The differences in the figures are not large enough to cause a stampede to the country. There will still be found people enough to exchange the chances of a short life for the glamour of the city.—E. H.

A FRIGHTFUL WRECK

of train, automobile or buggy may cause cuts, bruises, abrasions, sprains or wounds that demand Bucklen's Arnica Salve—earth's greatest healer. Quick relief and prompt cure results. For burns, boils, sores of all kinds, eczema, chapped hands and lips, sore eyes or corns, its supreme. Surest cure. 25c at K. H. Trimble.

Last week we discussed the cost of a county history. We would now call attention to the fact that canvassing adds heavily to the cost of a book. Every advance subscription cuts out an item from the expense of the canvass. Every person interested in the forthcoming history of Highland and subscribing in advance will be entitled to a special discount. He can thus get the book at less cost than those who wait till it comes out.

Many people like to see a book before purchasing, but in this instance there is no risk to run, for at the proper time a leaflet will be distributed showing the size of page, quality of paper, and style of type. It will also describe the book in detail, stating the number of pages and the nature of the binding. In addition to this the compiler and the publishers have a reputation to sustain and cannot afford to turn out poor work. By giving your advance subscription when the time arrives you save money to yourself and you expedite the undertaking. A list of such subscribers will be included in the book.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

On the 13th day of August, 1910, the Blue Grass District School Board will appoint teachers for the schools of said district for the term of 1910-11.

Teachers expecting to teach in said district will please send their application to Clerk of Board on or before the above date.

By order of the School Board,
Geo. E. Swecker, Clerk.

MAYOR KILLED WITH BOMB

Ridgeway, Va., July 25.—Last night at 9:15, as Mayor A. H. Bousman was lying in a hammock in his front yard, enjoying the cool breeze and smoking a cigar, a terrific bomb was exploded at his feet, entirely severing both feet below the knees. He died about 2 a. m.

So tremendous was the explosion that portions of his feet and clothing were scattered about the yard over a radius of sixty feet.

Notice No Teachers.

The Monterey School Board will on the 6th day of August, 1910, appoint teachers to the schools of said district for the term of 1910-11. Teachers expecting to teach in said district will please send applications to Clerk of Board on or before that date. By order of School Board,
H. P. Patterson, Clerk.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by Dr. K. H. Trimble.

Brooks Gap Man dies of Pellagra.

Pellagra has made its first appearance in Rockingham county. July 22 Eli Carr, 56 years old, died at his home at Paul, in Brooks Gap, at the foot of Pendleton Mountains. Three months ago Carr was stricken with a strange illness. He rapidly lost vitality; his nerves became disordered; a peculiar discoloration of the skin became visible, all the time increasing to an alarming extent; the patient allowed the disease to make heavy inroads upon his system before he called in a physician. Carr little thought of the awful malady that was sapping his life.

A little medicine, which he had in the home, was all that the sick man used. Two weeks ago, after Mr. Carr had become a physical wreck, he called in Dr. C. S. Dodd, of Coates Store, who immediately recognized the disease as that rare and dread ailment known as "pellagra."

Dr. Dodd had seen a case in North Carolina and lately had been giving the disease special study. He called Dr. Dunsford, of Broadway, in consultation. Dr. Dunsford had come in contact with a well known hospital with two well defined cases of pellagra and he, too, diagnosed the case as genuine pellagra.

Carr's suffering was pitiable in the extreme. The soles of his feet grew brown in color. Strange brown areas became visible over the face and on the backs of the hands. The discoloration was especially noticeable about the edges of the hair.

Large doses of opiates were administered in the hope of bringing relief. His suffering, which was beyond description, finally ended with his death July 22.

Mr. Carr leaves a large family of children and several brothers. He was not a drinking man and aside from the fact that he ate a great deal of meat, he had been considered a healthy, prudent man.

Testling children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and then castor oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and sure. Sold by Dr. K. H. Trimble.

Barbour Must Die.

We the jury find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree.
J. L. Marshall, Foreman.

After the deliberation of fifteen minutes the above verdict was returned yesterday afternoon in Circuit Court at twenty-five minutes to four in the trial of Pink Barbour, colored, for the murder of James M. Lee on the Fourth of July. The negro had claimed all ignorance of committing the act on the ground that he was too drunk to know what he was doing.

The entire trial lasted less than two days. There are few loop-holes left for the convicted man now. It is not likely that Judge Haas will set aside the verdict, or that the Court of Appeals will take up the case for retrial. The man's only hope beyond this is a commutation of the sentence by the Governor; and there seems to be no likelihood of even a petition of this sort. Pink Barbour will be the first man to go to the electric chair from Rockingham county. Since the Civil War there have been but two men to suffer the death penalty, and these were hanged in Harrisonburg.—Harrisonburg Daily News, July 23.

TO THE PESSIMIST.

You are the most utterly useless of all humans. The space which you occupy upon the surface of the earth is a wasted spot. Without the ability to create, you aim to kill the spirit of creation; without the skill to produce, you seek to check the advance of progress.

You are poison oak in the forest—a creeper without the strength to climb on your own stem. You not only are fruitless, but one degree worse than sterile—you absorb vitality to no purpose and hurt everything with which you come in contact.

Despite the evidence of all ages, you still refuse to recognize that nothing can be achieved without trial—that nothing can be accomplished unless it is attempted with courage and enthusiasm—and still you make of yourself a checkrein wherever there is call for a spur—you persist in kicking with discouragement every striver who needs the helping hand of confidence.—National Magazine.

No Berry Picking

On account of damage done in past years by careless people, the owners of The Monterey Stock Farm have decided to prohibit any and all berry picking on their land in future. Signed
Monterey Stock Farm

Come in and see the Highland Mercantile Co's line of ladies' and children's ready-to-wear goods.

HIS AUNTIE JULIA.

She Is Really a Wonderful Woman In Her Own Way.

A GREAT HAND WITH YARBS.

She Can Brew Them Into a Medicine That Hits the Spot Every Time and Is Better Than a Doctor's Visit. How She Made Old Pulsifer Jump.

"My Aunt Julia is really a wonderful woman," exclaimed the low browed man, placing his feet on the manager's desk. "She hasn't any diplomas from medical colleges, but when it comes to curing a sick man she can give the ordinary doctor a start of ten years and beat him around a block. Aunt Julia has firm faith in yarbs."

"You mean herbs," interrupted the professor.

"I don't mean anything of the kind. I mean yarbs. You go over to Aunt Julia and mention yarbs, and her eyes will brighten up and she'll ask you to sit down and eat a piece of pie, but if you began talking about herbs she'd paste you one with her trusty saucer and knock off a corner of your scalp. Aunt Julia is pretty touchy about some things."

"One day old Mrs. Doolittle blew into the house to spend the afternoon, and Aunt Julia happened to say that something happened in April. Mrs. Doolittle thinks she knows more than Webster's unadorned dictionary because she taught school about 150 years ago, when she was a young woman, and she called my aunt down and said that there was no such word as April."

"You mean April, my dear," says she.

"I don't mean any such doggone thing," says my aunt. "I mean April, and if you don't like it, Mrs. Doolittle, you can jump it, and be blamed to you."

"Well, they fanned away for five minutes or so, and their language began to make the shingles fall off the roof, and I was thinking of sending in a hurry call for the cops, when Mrs. Doolittle left the house by way of the window and jumped three fences without touching them in her haste to get home. A lot of saucers and other household utensils whizzed past her ears and seemed to stimulate her."

"That's the sort of woman Aunt Julia is. Now, if you want to go over and talk to her about herbs I won't interfere."

"If there's anything my aunt delights in it is doctoring people. She hasn't a bit of use for drug store medicines. She brews her own remedies, and she doesn't think anything will help a sick person unless it tastes like the royal palace of Abyssinia. A dose of her colic medicine will make a man's insides feel as though he had swallowed a porcupine."

"I had the colic last summer, and the medicine she made for me had smoke on it. I can taste it yet. Sometimes I dream that Aunt Julia is handing me a spoonful of her colic medicine, and then I always wake with a yell. She is an old fashioned woman. She enters her yards at certain stages of the moon, and when she is brewing her medicines she mutters incantations and makes passes with her hands and does a lot of tricks that make your blood run cold. But her remedies hit the spot."

"Old man Pulsifer, you know, was a hopeless invalid for a year. He sat in a wheeled chair, and his wife fed him with the fire shovel, and all the members of the family were kept so busy waiting on him that they hadn't time to wind the clock or prime the pump. He said he had paralysis of the worst kind, and everybody believed him. Aunt Julia went over there one day and looked at the old man's tongue and poked him in the ribs and tapped him with a tuning fork and said she could cure him up so quick it would make his head swim."

"If you can cure that man so he'll be of some use in the world," said Mrs. Pulsifer. "I'll give you the silk crazy quilt my grandmother gave me when she was dying."

"Aunt Julia gathered a lot of yarbs at the dark of the moon in the southeast corner of a graveyard and stewed them over a slow fire, and the broth she made from them would have warped the armor plate of a battleship. I knew by the smell of it that it was the real stingo, and you can't imagine how glad I was that I didn't have to take it. When she went over to dose old Pulsifer she insisted on my going along to help hold him down."

"The old man didn't want to take it. Anybody could see that. He got a smell of the stuff when Aunt Julia took the cork from the bottle, and a pale green sweat broke out on his brow. But I seized him by the top of his head and pulled his mouth open, and my aunt poured down about forty kilometers of her red-hot dope, and when it had sizzled into his stomach he let out one warwhoop and streaked out of doors like a professional Marathon runner. When we found him a couple of hours later he was standing in the creek, which was full of ice water, trying to get his vitals cooled off."

"I defy any regular practitioner to make a quicker cure than that."—Wait Mason in Chicago News.

Easily Said.

"Some of these tongue twisters are really very hard to enunciate—for instance, 'the sea ceaseth and it suffeeth us.'"

"That 'th' entally thaid," blithely thimled Mith Ellthabeth. "You thimply thay it tho: 'The thea theageth and it thusth'eth utth'."—Life.

Malicious.

Yongleighb—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter? Cynicus—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.—Exchange.

Why, Indeed?

She—Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him? He—Why does she take everything else he's got?

When death comes it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—Elliot.

For headache Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

MANY KINDS OF FLEAS.

About 400 Different Species Are Known to Naturalists.

One of the first naturalists who devoted themselves to watching fleas, with such microscopes as were then available, was Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman, who lived at the end of the seventeenth century. Leeuwenhoek discovered that a small mite fed on the flea, and it was this discovery which inspired Swift's familiar lines:

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite em,
And so proceed ad infinitum.

The flea's parasite, however, to be accurate, is not another flea or even another insect, but is a mite, classed among the sarcoptidae. Linnaeus, writing in 1758, described only two species of flea. The first, which was the human flea, he rightly named *Pulex irritans*. The second was the cibice of hot countries. To this, on account of its burrowing habit, he gave the name of *Pulex penetrans*. At the present day about 400 different species of fleas have been described and named by the small band of scientific men who have devoted themselves to their study. Most of these have been discovered within quite recent years, so it is probable that many new forms and varieties will be collected and observed.—Harold Russell in London National Review.

OLD TIME HAT STAMPS.

Death Used to Be the Penalty In England For Forging Them.

Hats have in England been subject to very severe protective enactments. The blocked beaver hat, for instance, imported by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Low Countries, won its way so rapidly that in 1571 Queen Elizabeth passed an act to protect the making of "thrummed" caps, made from wool, for the advantage of the landed proprietors, whose sheep furnished the material. The statute provided that every male person "shall on Sunday, and holidays wear on his head a cap of velvet wool made in England, penalty, 3s. 6d. per day."

About a century later the law, for which there is nothing too high or too low, having taxed men's shoes, turned his attention once more to their hats and soon put a check on all improvements in the trade by requiring every vendor of hats to take out a license under a heavy penalty. Subsequently a stamp duty was imposed on all hats, which were officially marked beside where the maker's name now appears. The penalty for selling a hat without a stamp was £10, and the penalty for forging a hat stamp was death, where, no doubt, the modern custom of the man who goes to church, sitting down, looks into his hat to read his maker's name.—London Chronicle.

An English Sanctuary.

Beverly minister, 180 miles north of London, is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died in the year 721. In 928 Althelstan, king of England, gave several privileges to the monastery, one being the privilege of sanctuary. This was not merely for man slaying. It was open to all wrongdoers except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offenses, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be four crosses on the main roads leading to Beverley marking the limit of the area. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in a stone chair known as the "frid stool" or "freed chair." To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country.

Appropriate.

The worshippers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago. During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him. The minister, being shortsighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking to diplomatically cover the incident, he innocently said: "Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Can it be over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"—London Answers.

A New Reason.

Annette, aged three, has two very talkative little sisters, and sometimes she finds it difficult to make herself heard at the table. One day when the others had been monopolizing the conversation longer than she liked Annette raised her finger with a warning gesture and whispered half aloud: "Everybody keep still. My foot's asleep."—Delineator.

True Charges.

She—Did you see where some man declares that women are not honest? He—Well, he's right in saying so. She (directly)—When did you ever know me to do a dishonest thing? He (meekly)—When you robbed me of my peace of mind and stole my heart, you dear little thief!—New York World.

The Language.

"This is a pretty state of affairs, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a very ugly matter, but somebody will have to pay bandsores for it."—New York Journal.

A good way to be happy is to try to be useful and helpful.

A Rare Old Book.

The second book printed in the English language was "The Game and Playe of the Chess," which the title page says was "Fynysht the last day of Marche, the yer of our lord god a thousand four hundred and LXIII." Only twelve copies of the work are now known to exist. In 1813 an Englishman of the name of Alchorne sold his copy for a sum equal to \$270 in United States currency. Fifty-six years later, in 1869, the same volume (an imperfect copy) was sold for \$2,150. The British Museum has refused an offer of \$10,000 for its copy, which is imperfect to the extent of having seven leaves missing.

AN ANGRY MUSICIAN.

An Interesting and Pathetic Story of Constant's Picture, "Too Late!"

An amusing and pathetic story is told in Benjamin Constant's first picture "Too Late!" It was called "Too Late" and represented Fortune and Glory, and the artist was lying on the bed. The figure of Death stood near the door through which Fortune, carrying a box of money, and Glory, bearing laurels, had just entered.

The artist received many letters from those who had seen the painting. One was written by a professor of music, an old man, who expressed in touching words the emotion he had felt at the sight of the artist's work. He asked Constant to visit and talk to him about "Too Late."

The invitation was accepted, but as soon as the old professor saw the artist he uttered an ejaculation of surprise and anger. "Why, you are quite a youth!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were old and, like myself, had spent your life in vain endeavor to obtain recognition of your abilities. I conceived that picture to be the last despairing cry of a man as unfortunate as I am. I find you are quite young and your eyes are full of hope. You are a budding star, and I request that you leave this house immediately!"

TRUE STANDARDS OF LIFE.

The Measure of a Man's What He Is, Not What He Has.

It takes so long to learn how to live, so long to get even a glimmering of what life is for and what it ought to do with ours. We are so prone to live in the future, to fret ourselves about it. We are so busy yearning for the joys we imagine other people have and worrying about the trouble we imagine we are having that we make of the present, the one thing we are sure of, an endless regret.

And of all the follies the limit is to permit some one else to make our standards for us. Haven't we intelligence? Can't we think for ourselves? To want things we don't need, many we do not really care for, just because some one else has them and wouldn't understand if we didn't have them. To struggle and strain to make a show when all the neighbors know it is only a show and would respect us a heap more if we had the courage to be ourselves. Death's standards ought to be life's standards. Death does not ask how big a house we hail from, nor how many university degrees we have won, nor what is our bank account. Not what we have nor what we know, but what we are. And that's our measure of everybody but ourselves.—Erman J. Ridgway in Delineator.

A Riddle Making Epoch.

There have been epochs at which riddle making has been more especially in vogue, and such epochs would appear to occur at seasons of fresh intellectual awakening. Such an epoch there was at the first glimmering of new intellectual light in the second half of the seventh century. This was the age of Alhwhm, bishop of Sherborne, the first in the roll of Anglo-Latin poets. He left a considerable number of enigmas in Latin hexameters. A rhyme died in 1700. Before his time there was a collection of Latin riddles that bore the name of Symphosius. Of this work the date is unknown. We only know that Alhwhm used it, and we may infer that it was then a recent product. The riddles of Symphosius were uniform in shape, consisting each of three hexameter lines.—Cornhill Magazine.

Chaldean Tablets.

The clay tablets of writing materials used by man, were of different sizes, the largest being flat and measuring 9 by 12 inches, while the smallest were slightly convex and in some cases not more than an inch long. In the same ruin with the tablets have been found the glass lenses which were used by their readers. The writing was done, while the tablets were still soft, by a little iron tracer, not pointed, but triangular at the end. By slightly pressing this end on the soft moist clay the inscriptions were made. The tablets, having been inscribed on both sides and accurately numbered, were baked in ovens and stored away in the state libraries.—New York American.

A Mistake Somewhere.

"Is it true, Miss Gerlie," he said, "that there are two things a woman will jump at—a conclusion and a mouse?"

"No," she answered; "there is a third, Mr. Philip."

After thinking the matter over a few moments he tremblingly made her an offer, but she didn't jump at it. He was not the right man.

Two Men.

A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

High Class.

Teacher—What class of birds does the hawk belong to, Tommy? Tommy—Birds of prey. Teacher—Now, Johnny, to what class does the quail belong? Johnny—Birds on toast.—Chicago News.

A Sure Cure.

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?"

"Try getting home late some night."—Boston Transcript.

Bad Combinations.

Rambo—I have a pair of glasses at home that make me see double. Baldwin—Yes; I've seen you using them. One is a beer mug and the other is a whisky tumbler.—Chicago Tribune.

The Particular Sox.

A blind girl lately discarded her affianced lover because a confidential friend informed her that the young man squinted.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Never quit when failure stares you in the face. A little more energy often changes a failure into a great success. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain.

DUSMORE BUSINESS COLLEGE

STAUNTON, VA.

Begins its 39th Session, Thursday, September 1, 1910

This school is noted for its thorough training of young men and women for making their future lives more profitable and independent. Its graduates are found in almost every town and city of the United States. They are holding positions in all of the Banks of Staunton, from Exchange Clerk to President.

The Dunsmore school has an enviable reputation for the thoroughness of its methods of teaching and preparation for high-salaried clerical work. Send for free catalogue at once.

J. G. DUNSMORE, President

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These farms have good buildings and are in a high state of cultivation. Do you wish to make a first-class purchase, then examine these properties at once.

Our Agency covers the best portion of the State, so it will be to your interest to correspond with us. For Free full description write to
H. W. HILLEARY & CO., Charlottesville, Va.

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Come examine our various fine Maryland farms and attend a little farm auction sale. Here a large farm has been divided into a number of small trucking farms, ranging from five to one hundred acres each, and to be sold on easy terms. Buildings will be constructed on each tract. Any one wishing further information will communicate with the V. A. REALTY COMPANY, Harrisonburg, or our local agents as follows:

D. E. HAM, Grottoes, Va. F. R. KILLER, Warrenton, Va.
S. G. ALLEN, Front Royal, Va. CHAS. R. JONES, Berryville, Va.
H. C. BURGESS, Strasburg, Va. PRICE & DICKENSON, Luray, Va.
W. W. LOGAN, Woodstock, Va.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Preaching Appointments

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, MONTEREY CIRCUIT.

1st Sunday, Hightown, 11 a. m.; Trinity, 3 a. m. Monterey, 7 p. m.
2d Sunday, Monterey, 11 a. m.; Seybert 3 p. m.
3rd Sunday, Trinity, at 3 p. m. Hightown, 11 a. m. Monterey 7 p. m.
4th Sunday, Seybert, 11 a. m. Monterey, 7 p. m.

C. L. POTTER.

HIGHLAND M. E. CHURCH.

1st Sunday, Union Chapel, 11 a. m., Crabbottom, 3 p. m.
2nd Sunday, Wesley Chapel, 11 a. m., Victor 3 p. m., Vanderpool, 7 p. m.
3rd Sunday, Asbury Chapel, 11 a. m., Thorny Bottom, 3 p. m.
4th Sunday, Green Hill, 11 a. m., Fairview, 3 p. m.

J. L. DOTSON, P. C.
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, CRABBOTTOM CIRCUIT.

1st Sunday, Circleville, 11 a. m.; Dry Run, 3 p. m.; Central, 8 p. m.
2nd Sunday, New Church, 10:30 a. m.; Union Chapel, 3 p. m.; Central, 8 p. m.
3rd Sunday, Central, 11 a. m.; Union Chapel, 3 p. m.; New Church, 8 p. m.
4th Sunday, Central, 11 a. m.; New Church, 3 p. m.
5th Sunday, Circleville, 11 a. m. Dry Run, 3 p. m.

H. LAWSON, P. C.

HIGHLAND LODGE, No. 110, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications held on Friday night on or before the full moon of each month. Visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend these meetings and take part in the proceedings.
H. F. SLAVEN, W. M.
W. H. Matheny, Sec'y.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. If you have tired, aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures itching, swollen, hot, sweating feet. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Always use it to break in new shoes. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute. For FIVE trial packages, address Allen S. Omsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

VIRGINIA: In the Clerk's office of Highland county, at Rules, June 20, 1910.

Joshua Lunsford, H. C. Lunsford and Wm. H. Lunsford vs.

Pricey Wharton and Mabel C. Wimer, the latter an infant under 21 years of age.

The object of this suit is to have sold for the purposes of partition, three fourths of Lot No. 6, in the plan of the town of Monterey, Pa. which was lately owned by Caroline Wimer and Ambie Wimer, and now owned by the said plaintiffs and defendants.

And it appearing from affidavits filed according to law, that said defendant Pricey Wharton is not a resident of this state. It is therefore ordered that said Pricey Wharton, defendant as aforesaid, do appear within 15 days, after due publication of this order, in the clerk's office of our said circuit court, and do what is necessary to protect her interests.

Teste: W. H. Matheny, clerk
Jones & Son, p. q.

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